



C o n t e n t s

Molly Shannon

Early to Bed, Early to Bitch.....	page 9
Two Bit 8-Bit.....	page 10
The Captain of the Love Boat Too.....	page 12
By Otaku For Otaku.....	page 14
First Years Learn Fast.....	page 16
Jesus Christ	
Ope! Busted!.....	page 4
Laugh if You Want, but A Man Died For This Article.....	page 6
Nobody Dumps Alcohol on the Lawn and Gets Away with it in Our Town.....	page 7
We Have to Take <i>Cinema Blasé</i> up a Notch.....	page 8
Where's our Pizza? For the Love of God!! Where's our Pizza?!?.....	page 13

The Omen

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"Dammit,
Jacob! That's
the cat's
bacon!"

Quote Attributed to
Mark Hugo

Submit to us ...

The Omen accepts submissions from any member of the Hampshire community. **We won't edit anything you write** (unless it's for spelling or grammar), as

long as you're willing to **be responsible for what you say** (sign your real NAME). Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours, is just not an option in this forum.

Submissions can include anything involving the Hampshire community and are due on Wednesday nights at 8 PM. **Submit to Michael Pierce** (C-411, box 916). If you're interested in writing regularly, talk to Jacob Chabot (B-308, x4445). **We prefer submissions on disk**—IBM or high density Mac—but hard copy is okay. Label your stuff well and it will get back to you.

Also, every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official Omen meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9:30 PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue and the ever-prevalent dawn of the Planet of the Apes.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, first born, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and **your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times.** What better way to be heard?

The Omen is a completely **nonpartisan** forum for expression. The views and opinions expressed in this publication are those of the authors' alone.



The Human Speaks!

An Editorial

by Jacob Chabot

Last year, some of my friends tried to get a mod in the mod lottery and asked me if I would live in their mod if they got one. I had to answer, "No sir, I would not." "But Jacob," you say, "You're a fourth year still living in the dorms, are you that lame?" There's this whole mod chic thing where it seems that you just aren't moving up socially unless you move into a mod. Well, I say piss on mod chic.

If you want to move to the mods to get off the meal plan, that's fine. Although you bastards still keep coming back and trying to sneak into Saga. I guess you forgot about things like buying food and having to prepare it, huh? Not as good a cook as you thought you were when you were bustin' out the stir fry at the wok bar, eh? You can only eat so much Ramen before it gets to you. You also have to take the time out of your busy schedule to cook. Guess that paper isn't going anywhere for a little while. And now that the meal plan is no longer included in the lump room and

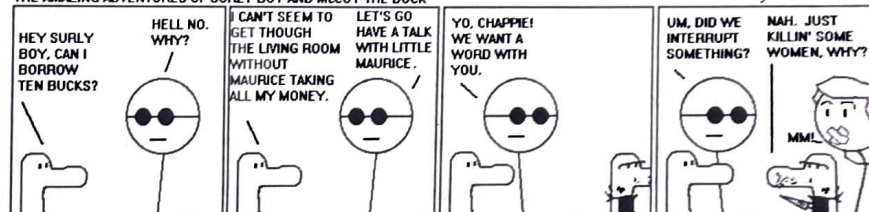
board sum that your parents always took care of, you have to actually go to the store every few weeks and BUY food. Food costs money. Food costs quite a bit of money. Money that a day ago you felt would be better spent on pot. Guess it's Ramen again tonight! Oh! And you have to take even more time (plus a trip to the store, bus or car?) to buy it. Pizza and soft serve sounds pretty good right now, doesn't it?

Next, if you have friends in the dorms, forget them. You will never see them again. From what I hear, once you move to the mod, your social circle will close in to the people you live with. You might see people from other mods once in a while, but you will never go back to the dorms. "Not me," you'll say, "I'll come back and hang out all the time." Let's face it, you're all a bunch of lazy college students (that's why you're all here instead

of a real college), and you just won't bother to make the trip across campus. While if you're in the dorms, you interact with pretty much everybody in Dakin and Merrill on a daily basis. In fact, living in the mods is almost a sure way to guarantee that you're isolated from the rest of campus. Doesn't sound like your social life would be all that improved. If you live in Greenwich or Enfield, every building that's not Emily Dickenson Hall is all the way across campus. Plus, you better really like the people you live with, because you're going to be pretty close. You'll all have to use the same facilities, and Phys. Plant isn't going to come clean your bathroom and common space every week. It's not like the dorms where you can choose to basically ignore a hallmate if you want to.

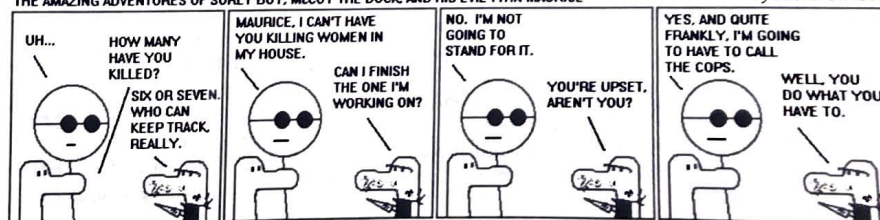
I figure I'll have plenty of time to live in close quarters with people that quasi familiar with once I graduate from this place and have to get a cheap apartment. Meanwhile, give me the dorms over the mods anyway.

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY AND McCOY THE DUCK

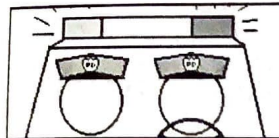


by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY, McCOY THE DUCK, AND HIS EVIL TWIN MAURICE



by Jacob Chabot



POLICE LOG!

September 14 - October 4

Larceny

Sept. 14, 4:15 p.m.: Dakin; VCR stolen from lounge
Sept. 21, 8:52: Dakin; stolen bicycle
Sept. 21, 11:30 a.m.: Merrill; stolen bicycle
Sept. 23, 6:14 p.m.: Greenwich; stolen bicycle—found
Sept. 26, 12:41 p.m.: Greenwich; stolen couch—found/returned

Vandalism

Sept. 24, 7:01 a.m.: Merrill; damage done to dryers in laundry room
Sept. 26, 8:27 a.m.: FPH and Library Center; billboards set on fire—extinguished
Sept. 28, 7:02 a.m.: Greenwich Lot; vehicle found with smashed window
Sept. 30, 6:55 p.m.: Enfield Lot; Faculty/Staff Parking signs missing
Oct. 1, 1:55 a.m.: Merrill; broken picnic table

Suspicious Vehicle/Persons

Sept. 14, 6:46 p.m.: Phys Plant; unable to match vehicle to Hampshire
Sept. 14, 7:42 p.m.: Vehicle—Tobacco barn; no further info at this time
Sept. 21, 1:52 a.m.: Person—Dakin; gone on arrival
Sept. 24, 1:02 p.m.: Unwanted person—Library; sleeping male on sofa, asked to leave

Special Services/Miscellaneous

Sept. 14, 6:00 p.m.: President's House is secured and alarm is armed
Sept. 17, 9:44 a.m.: Woods near Health Services; weird scream in woods
Sept. 17, 7:40 p.m.: FPH per request; locked Social Science mail room
Sept. 21, 10:00 a.m.: FPH; jump start vehicle
Sept. 21, 12:42 p.m.: Dakin; returned stolen bicycle
Sept. 23, 7:43 p.m.: Dakin; turn off alarm clock in dorm
Sept. 25, 12:38 a.m.: Greenwich; student missing—found
Sept. 25, 3:40 p.m.: Merrill; found bicycle in woods
Sept. 25, 5:53 p.m.: Prescott; smells of gas behind mod 83
Sept. 25, 7:30 p.m.: Merrill; found stolen property in bushes by Merrill A
Sept. 26, 12:49 a.m.: Dakin; concerned about resident—located
Oct. 2, 2:58 a.m.: Greenwich; student escorted to Merrill

Liquor Law Violation

Sept. 24, 7:12 p.m.: Merrill; no info at this time
Sept. 25, 2:52 a.m.: Prescott; party permit violation
Oct. 1, 1:55 a.m.: alcoholic beverage confiscated—minor in possession
Oct. 1, 10:37 p.m.: Merrill; minor with open container—dumped

Fire Alarms

Sept. 19, 6:31 p.m.: Greenwich; cooking smoke—Mod 14/15
Sept. 22, 9:43 a.m.: Prescott; cooking smoke
Sept. 23, 12:49 a.m.: Prescott; cooking smoke
Sept. 23, 9:20 p.m.: ASH; pull station cover tampered with—reset
Sept. 24, 9:32 a.m.: Cole Science Center; fish alarm reset
Sept. 24, 8:24 p.m.: Greenwich; cooking smoke
Sept. 26, 7:43 p.m.: Dakin; cooking smoke
Oct. 1, 10:13 a.m.: Children Center; practice fire drill
Oct. 2, 2:01 p.m.: Dakin; cooking smoke
Oct. 2, 7:09 p.m.: Dakin; accidental
Oct. 3, 5:53 p.m.: Greenwich; no info at this time
Oct. 3, 7:54 p.m.: Greenwich; cooking smoke

Safety Hazards

Sept. 15, 8:26 a.m.: Prescott; large items blocking exit
Sept. 24, 1:32 a.m.: Prescott; smell of gas in stairwell—check OK
Sept. 27, 1:22 a.m.: Cole Science Center; no info at this time
Oct. 3, 3:15 p.m.: Library Center; natural gas odor

Other Offenses

Sept. 14, 4:16 p.m.: Prescott; prank phone calls
Sept. 14, 10:08 p.m.: Campus prank phone calls
Sept. 28, 1:38 a.m.: Enfield; harassment
Oct. 1, 5:12 p.m.: Dakin report of Peeping Tom—gone upon arrival

The Killing Never Ends!

Disturbance

Sept. 16, 11:30 p.m.: Enfield; loud music lowered
Sept. 17, 12:00 a.m.: Greenwich; loud music lowered
Sept. 17, 1:24 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint—festivities concluding
Sept. 18, 12:45 a.m.: Merrill A; party—taken care of
Sept. 18, 1:01 a.m.: Greenwich; loud music—lowered
Sept. 18, 1:15 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint
Sept. 18, 1:25 a.m.: Greenwich; noise complaint
Sept. 18, 7:56 p.m.: Campus; loud band music
Sept. 18, 11:51 p.m.: Dakin; noise complaint
Sept. 19, 12:09 a.m.: Dakin; noise complaint
Sept. 19, 3:27 a.m.: Dakin; loud music lowered
Sept. 22, 12:06 a.m.: Dakin; noise complaint
Sept. 24, 1:35 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint
Sept. 24, 1:39 a.m.: Greenwich; loud music—quieted
Sept. 25, 3:13 a.m.: Greenwich; noise complaint
Sept. 26, 2:49 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint
Sept. 28, 12:43 a.m.: Merrill; noise complaint
Oct. 1, 1:42 a.m.: Merrill; people turning picnic tables over
Oct. 1, 10:29 p.m.: Merrill B;

group outside

Oct. 2, 2:00 a.m.: Prescott; loud party—shut down
Oct. 3, 12:20 a.m.: Enfield; noise complaint
Oct. 3, 2:30 a.m.: Enfield; noise complaint

Motor Vehicle Assist/ Escorts

Sept. 16, 1:07 p.m.: Prescott; locked out of vehicle
Sept. 17, 9:33 p.m.: DPS escorted lost visitor to her vehicle
Sept. 18, 10:48 a.m.: Vehicle assist—Johnson Library Center; no further info
Sept. 19, 1:29 a.m.: Enfield; keys locked in car

Motor Vehicle Stop

Sept. 16, 7:01 p.m.: 4 Corners; speeding—verbal warning
Sept. 16, 7:13 p.m.: Johnson Library circle; speeding—verbal warning
Sept. 23, 7:31 p.m.: Multisports center; speeding—verbal warning
Sept. 23, 11:05 p.m.: Dakin; speeding—verbal warning
Sept. 24, 12:38 a.m.: Dakin Road; speeding—verbal warning
Sept. 24, 10:29 p.m.: Dakin Road; speeding—verbal warning
Oct. 1, 11:03 p.m.: Dakin Road; speeding

Motor Vehicle Tow

Sept. 21, 11:15 p.m.: Greenwich; handicap violation
Sept. 24, 1:58 a.m.: Enfield; fire lane violation
Sept. 24, 4:35 a.m.: Enfield; fire lane violation

Motor Vehicle Breaking and Entering

Sept. 18, 2:48 p.m.: Greenwich lot; attempted theft

Intrusion Alarms

Sept. 21, 10:50 p.m.: Enfield; accidental—reset
Sept. 23, 11:40 p.m.: Film & Photo; accidental
Sept. 24, 9:20 a.m.: Film & Photo; accidental
Sept. 24, 9:44 a.m.: Robert Crown Center; accidental—reset
Sept. 25, 12:58 p.m.: Robert Crown Center; no further information
Oct. 1, 8:53 a.m.: Johnson Library Center Gallery; no info at this time

Animals

Sept. 17, 10:45 a.m.: Merrill/Dakin; dog in Quad area—owner notified
Sept. 17, 2:47 p.m.: Enfield; two large dogs in Enfield circle area
Sept. 25, 11:27 a.m.: Soccer Field; no info at this time
Sept. 30, 2:59 p.m.: Enfield; cat on campus overnight

by Jacob Chabot

THE AMAZING ADVENTURES OF SURLY BOY, MCCOY THE DUCK, AND HIS EVIL TWIN MAURICE





by Michael "Benni" Pierce

We now return you to the exciting conclusion of "Bloody African Massacre," with your guest narrator, James Earl Jones.

"When we last left our boys, they had been traveling for quite a while through the savage wilderness of Africa. Just a short time later, they came upon a village, full of strangely dressed people and statues similar to the one they were looking for—the Idol of Bigianoonick. From what they could tell, it seemed as if this was the village where the Idol might be."

[Dramatic Music]

"Africa sure is a strange place to be at night Louis."

"Yeah Vinnie. I just wonder why Big Tony found it so important for us to get this stupid statue. We could be killed here—there's nothing but voodoo and scary African Tribes all around."

[Hiss]

"What's that!?"

[BANG BANG]

"What the hell are you doing Vinnie?"

"Shooting at it."

"Shooting at what?"

"A snake . . . I think."

"Well, stay cool. We don't want to alert the natives."

[Zzzzip. Crickle-Crinkle. Zoop.]

"Cigarette?"

"Nah. Thanks. I just quit last week."

[Clink. Ship. Crackle. Clink.]

"Ahh . . . much better."

"Okay. Let's go over the plan again Vinnie. Big Tony wants

us to go into the tribe after they've gone to sleep and swipe this special Idol of Bigianoonick. Then, we just have to get back to the game reserve with it and get picked up."

"What if they don't sleep?"

"Then, we'll have to improvise, but until then—"

[CRACK]

"What was that? Another snake?"

"I don't think that snakes make that sound."

[Hooooooooo.]

[Hooooooooo.]

"I don't know!!"

[BANG BANG]

[Plop]

"I think you hit it Louis."

"Yeah — it's an owl. Probably endangered too."

"The boys waited for the night to pass quietly. They kept silent within some tall grass, and when they saw the last flames of the fire dissipate, they knew that it was time for them to make their ever so stealth maneuver."

[Zzzzzzz.]

[Zzzzzzzzz.]

[Step. Step. Step. Step.]

"It looks like their all sleeping."

[Step. Step. Step. Step.]

"I just hope that they don't sleep like fish—with one eye open!"

[Phhhheeeeeeewhwhwhwww]

"The winds beginning to howl. I wonder if there is a storm on the way."

[Step. Step. Step. Step.]

"We better do this quick

Barely Audible

then, and get the hell out of here."

[Step. Step. Step. Step.]

"Vinnie—look! Over there, there's a light coming out of that hut!"

[Step-step. Step-step. Step-step.]

"Cover me."

[Step. Step.]

"Oh my god Louis . . . it's beautiful."

"Let me see!"

"No Louis! Get back!"

[Shoop. Wick. Shoop. Wick.]

Shoop. Wick.]

[Plop]

"Shit! Dammit Louis—why didn't you listen to me? It was booby trapped."

"Foo-oor booo . . . bees like me . . . huh?"

[Sad Music]

"Dammit Louis. Dammit all to hell."

[BANG. BANG.]

[Crickle. Crackle.]

[Step. Step. Step. Step.]

[Step-step. Step-step. Step-step.]

Step-step.]

"Ooogie! OOGIE! Ichta hindar!"

[BANG BANG]

[PCCCCCHHHHHH]

"Bite me, you bastards. You killed my friend, and now, it's my turn for revenge."

[BANG. BANG. BANG. BANG.]

"AHHHHH!"

"Ooooo . . ."

[Shoop. Shoop. Shoop. Shoop.]

"Dammit!"

[Step-step. Step-step.]

[Wick.]

[Step-step. Step-step. Step. Ste.]

"Damn . . . why didn't someone tell me that this was a cursed Idol?"

OUR LIVES ARE IN DANGER!

by J Wilder Konschak

I'm sad to report that, last weekend, an unauthorized party terrorized this peaceful campus. At around 10 PM, this bash made its loathsome way to the 4th floor of the 3rd letter of the Merrill House, to the sky-lit penthouse lounge there. Having arrived, it exploded in cold blood, lashing out with classical music, with silver goblets, with lovely flowers in crystal vases, with wine and with cheese, both from the dregs of unholy France. It was all the brand of debauchery that too often rears its horrid head when today's youth looks to express affection for a friend on her birthday. Punks in silk shirts and leather vests. Thugs in expensive evening gowns and heels. Shameless, unblushing chatting in candlelight.

I avoided their flickering wax-fires. I locked out the thumping, ungodly Bach and Beethoven. I was in my room, wishing someone could end this rowdy crowd of revelers. But our "public safety" officials ignored the eminent danger. And even if I had called for their help, they'd have only asked the mob to remain quiet, to move the alcohol out of the common space, into someone's room. So, I feared I was alone.

But, I'm happy to report that the Merrill House office came through on this one. Yes, several unnamed angels—thank you, whoever you are—braved the violent scene, silenced the roar of whispers, and confiscated the oceans of punch and wine. They disposed of the vile poisons by dumping them into the bushes, and all before the teens could even ex-

change gifts. With decisive, unilateral action, these public servants extinguished the danger, all before a single complaint could be reported!

Kudos to them!

I soundly support this strict policy. It was clearly enacted for the safety of the students, for the betterment of the community, for the good of humankind, and obviously not as a result of jealousy, poor judgement, or individual bad moods, as some might suggest. In fact, this "zero tolerance" policy should be extended to all facets of Hampshire Housing Code. **Many terrible threats go totally unnoticed on this campus, and may continue to do so until someone dies,** if we don't watch these rule-breakers carefully.

For example, let me point out the *illegal* and potentially *fatal* problem caused by these irrational students who choose to keep small pets in their rooms!

Merrill C4 has its share of this mess as well (how is it that the bad apples always bunch together?). There are fish. There might even be turtles. But worse, one student dares to keep in his room a huge, unmistakable, gerbil. Yes, I had the misfortune visiting that room, only to be greeted by a foaming, rabid rodent, which charged the glass and nearly burst through! The beast then retreated to its dank cavern of pine-shavings, where it sharpened its razor fangs on a whetstone. Or maybe

it was a sunflower seed.

Nevertheless, it is no fuzzy, lovable, harmless pet. You can't hold the thing, or stroke it, for it would instantly scratch your eyes out, it would gnaw your thumbs off, it would poo your palms useless!

And I shutter to imagine what would become of Merrill if this demon clawed through its flimsy glass cage! It would surely devour all our food, all our clothing, all our books! It would poo poo in our shoes. It would eat toxic chemicals, grow mutant spores, and then self-replicate, so that hundreds of the tiny monsters might drive us from our own building! It would be a Kingdom of Gerbils!! We would be their slaves.

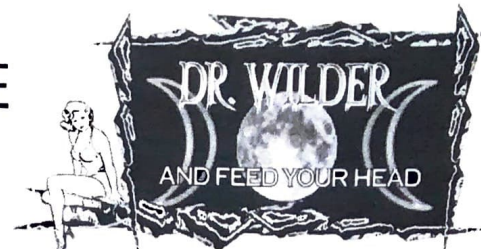
This is what keeps me awake at night.

This is what makes me think of transferring to a safer school.

This is what makes me glad that Merrill House is finally cracking down and stomping out obvious dangers like Wine and Cheese Galas. Maybe soon, the Threat of the Dominion of the Kingdom of Gerbils will be become but a frightful memory of a harsher yesterday.

Now, in closing, you may think, "Well, at least we have you, fine writer of this article, as a voice of sense and safety." But, that is exactly how insidious and surprising danger can be . . . that is exactly what I'm asking you foolish madmen to think about, the next time you buy cheese and wine, the next time you feed your beta, for you see, the gerbil is mine!

And I put sugar in his water.





by Wade Stuckwisch

When you're a guy like me, you do a lot of drinking. I mean THINKING, sorry. Well, both, actually. Sometimes these thoughts are profound, earth-shattering thoughts. But most of the time they're just stupid. Or dirty. Like the other day, I was thinking about how Andy Richter is going to be leaving *Late Night with Conan O' Brian* in May of 2000. No joke, it's sad but true. So that led me to thinking about how they're going to need a replacement for Andy after he leaves. And that led me to thinking . . . hey, why not me? I could be Conan's new sidekick! So now, as your brain desperately searches for some kind of derogatory comeback (too slow, muthafucka!) here are the Top 10 Reasons (oh, shit, that's Letterman . . . lemme try again) here's why I should be Conan's sidekick In The Year 2000 (what a segue!) . . .

- My lack of stature would serve to emphasize even further Conan's freaky tallness.
- My addition would maintain the whole redheaded Irish host/blond German sidekick theme.
- I look damn fine in a suit.
- The addition of a hip, young, balding guy with glasses could help finally crush any competition from Dweezil and Ahmed Zappa on *Happy Hour*. (Is that show still on?)
- I am not funny on my own. I am only funny when I can comment

Monkeys are Funny: The Wade Stuckwisch Story

on things spontaneously. Therefore I could never leave for a better job.

- I can sympathize with Conan's constant sexual frustration. While Conan is trying to flirt with beautiful actresses, I could get intimidated and shrink into a corner. How funny would that be?
- Seriously, how hard is Andy Richter's job? All he has to do is sit



"Drunk? I'm not drunk . . . Conan."

- there and look cute, and every once in a while lose a staring contest . . . I can do that.
- I vow to show up drunk at least once a week. For comedy purposes, that is a good thing.
- If Stone Cold Steve Austin or Jesse Ventura come on again, they could powerbomb me through Conan's desk.
- In May of 2000 I will have graduated from Hampshire with a degree in film and no prior work experience. I WILL NEED A JOB.

As for Andy Richter, who has no plans currently for his career after *Late Night*, I wish him all the best. Personally, I would like to see Andy Richter matched up in a game show type scenario with *Win Ben Stein's Money's* Jimmy Kimmel, where the two would compete in drinking contests and tests of skill (in that order). It could be called *Who Would Win... Jimmy Kimmel or Andy Richter?* This show would also

somehow involve monkeys. Funny monkeys. Not stupid monkeys like in that TV show on TNT that's all monkeys. That show sucks. Monkeys are funny.

In between practicing my reactions to the big Conan point-to-the-sidekick in the opening of *Late Night*, I did manage to see a movie, which happened to be *American Beauty*. This is a movie about a guy (who is Kevin Spacey), his family, and his mid-life

crisis. This movie was really, spectacularly good. Then again, I'm sure this isn't the first place you heard that. After all the hype I almost wanted to find fault in the movie (hey, that was a cool sequence—when *Buñuel* did it!), but I do have to say the movie lived up to at least 95% of the hype. I don't think I blinked for the last thirty minutes. It very well might be the best movie of the year so far. I wouldn't say it was the best movie of the decade or the best movie ever, though. (You really can't beat *Clerks*.)

continued on next page

Symphony of Ass

by Gabriel McKee

It is now a bit past midnight on a Tuesday. This means I need to wake up at 6.30 tomorrow (aka "fuck o'clock in the morning"), which means if I want to be anything resembling a waking person in my classes tomorrow, I need to go to bed around 11:30. A bit of mathematics will reveal that it is now past that time, and I'm not yet asleep, because the loud bastards above me (you know who you are. . . . Actually, you dolts probably don't *cough* D2 *cough*) have decided to hold yet another late-night band practice.

Why do I bring this silly problem to you, you ask? Well, the loud sonsobitches are merely a symptom of a greater problem that I've noticed in the past, but seems particularly blatant this semester: Hampshire students have no common decency.

It doesn't take much of a search to find examples of this. It's in the slow-walking bastards in Saga. It's in that damned "Axess" thing (did *anyone* with a quad-side room really want to listen to that crap until all hours)? It's in the Sunday night Simpsons/cookies extravaganza, which used to be somewhat sane, but now is a fucking zoo. (Last time, for example, the motherfucker in front

of me took *two* overflowing cups of cookies *and* stuffed his face for a good five minutes at the table, not allowing anyone else access to the cookies from that side. I seriously almost punched him in the head. Maybe I should have.) It's in the trash and broken bottles and crap that you morons are too lazy to throw away. And yes, it's even in the hall above me, playing the same 5 notes over and over and over. . . .

Perhaps the worst part about all of this is that these actions are not malicious. What's that, you say? How can malicious actions be good? Well, if any of the above offences (and countless more) were deliberate, at least they would have a reason. But nay, these are crimes of ignorance—**these obnoxious meatheads don't know they're being obnoxious, they just don't comprehend the existence of other people.** The hall above me will turn down their racket if I stumble up there in my bathrobe (again) and ask them to. But they shouldn't *need* to be asked. It's just common sense that if you're lay-



ing down the phat beats at 11:45 on a Tuesday, you should do it at a slightly lower volume than you would at 3:15.

So what's it gonna be? Huh? Do I gotta take you behind the shed and introduce you to the business end of my belt? When will you stop being obnoxious bastards and mistaking it for "innovation"?

I see two solutions here:

- 1) Crack some heads. Purchase foghorns, and every time someone does something insane, give 'em a big, deafening blast in the face.
- 2) Pay attention to what you're doing, and *think* about the fact that there are other people in your immediate vicinity that probably don't like you, and might give you a blast in the face with a foghorn if you piss them off.

Personally, I prefer the first solution. But foghorns are expensive, and some people will get one blast too many and go deaf and then just make more noise. So it looks like it might have to be #2. Look closely at what you're doing. If it's annoying, stop, and kick yourself in the head a couple times for me. Deal? Good.

Now I don't have to bust a . . . foghorn in your ass.

continued from previous page

So Kevin Spacey is in *American Beauty*. But screw him. Anybody who's seen Kevin Spacey in anything knows Kevin Spacey is good. Kevin Spacey is great in this movie. Chris Cooper, on the other hand, is absolutely unbelievable. You might recognize him from *Lone*

Star or Matewan, if you're a John Sayles fan. Chris Cooper lights up the screen. Fucking give the man some props, punk. Say his name. . . . "Chris Cooper." Now say, "Chris Cooper is the man." Now say, "Chris Cooper could bend over any Hollywood pretty boy and make him his bitch, any day of the week." Say it!

Thank you.

Okay, that's enough out of me. Next time I'll probably review *Three Kings* or *Fight Club*, if I'm not too busy taking Fight Club up a notch. Oh shit, I forgot rule one, do not talk about Fight Club! Brad Pitt is gonna roll a giant steel ball over my ass now for sure. . . .

The Unsung Electronic Heroes

by Michael Zole

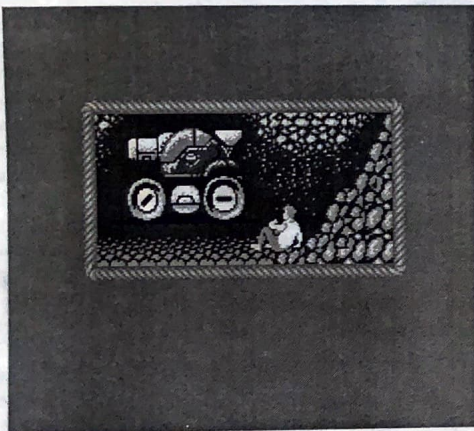
When I woke up this morning I was struck with a startling realization: the world is rife with injustice. People across the world are being denied their human rights based on their race, gender, and/or sexual orientation; political prisoners are rotting in their cells for questioning the cruel governments that oppress them; and chewing gum is illegal in Singapore. Then I remembered

Oh, sure, you may roll your eyes and skip to the next article, but hear me out. Since video games became a gigantic industry, there have been many Zeldas and many Final Fantasies—well-known games that

raised appreciation for the concept of video-gaming as a legitimate hobby. But there are also plenty of games that have gone more or less unnoticed by the gaming public (and yes, Mr. or Ms. Naysayer, there is a such thing as a "gaming public"). Since I don't have much else to do, I scour this great nation's pawn shops for the lesser known titles; and now I will share with you my ten favorite underrated games. It tends to be weighted towards earlier systems, as well as the vastly underrated Sega Saturn, so if I've left out your

favorite game, you can write your own article.

Clash at Demonhead (Nintendo Entertainment System, 1989)—There are plenty of walk-along-and-shoot titles for the NES, but only Clash at Demonhead featured a hero named (if memory serves) Bang. In this game you follow Bang as he tries to wrest the seven medallions from an evil organization with the help of The sprite Fashya and a guy called the Hermit. Most



Graphics that blow the mind.

notable about Clash is the way the levels are set up: each of the 40 or so side-scrolling levels were connected in a weblike fashion, which essentially took a linear format and turned it into a very non linear game. The only game to feature a similar system was Castlevania 2: Simon's Quest, and even then the hero was not named Bang.

Willow (NES, 1989)—There have been numerous movie-based games over the years, and most of them have been awful to the point of bowel discomfort. But then

there's Willow. Made by the folks at Capcom, Willow had the goods to compete with Zelda as far as adventure games are concerned. Although Ron Howard was not involved, it was a highly detailed game with a lot of area to explore and a metric shitload of weapons and magical trinkets to find. Madmartigan was nowhere near as cool as he was in the movie, though.

Blaster Master (NES, 1988)—Vast, otherworldly levels, graphics that look nice even by today's standards, and a really cool vehicle to drive! There will always be a soft spot in my heart for that tankish thing that could jump several times its own height, climb walls and ceilings, and putt around underwater. The tank was made even better by the fact that you had to leave it behind occasionally (and control a miniscule character instead) to explore the game's numerous caves. I think the plot had something to do with rescuing

your mutated pet frog, but who gives a damn? That vehicle was cool!

Phantasy Star (Sega Master System, 1987) - Though I was too much of a Nintendo booster to realize it at the time, Phantasy Star defined role-playing games (as far as game consoles go, anyway). It introduced the first female video game protagonist, Alis (who, quite frankly, could kick Lara Croft's ass), as well as first-person dungeons, a four-character party to control, and many other features that were surreptitiously "bor-

Final Fantasy: Blaster Master's Bitch

rowed" by Square for their little Final Fantasy game. The cartridge is rare, but it can be played on a computer via an emulator; do so.

Blazing Lazers (TurboGrafx-16, 1990)—I actually owned a TurboGrafx, and this is one of the 3 titles I acquired for it before I started begging my parents for a Super NES. Blazing Lazers is an old-school space shooter, where a lone fighter ship representing earth goes up against several billion alien craft that always fly in perfect formation. At times the screen would absolutely swarm with enemies, and avoiding a fatal collision became nearly impossible. You just don't find challenges like that any more.

Valis (various incarnations for Super NES, Sega Genesis, and TurboGrafx CD, 1990 to 1992)—Nowadays, video games and Japanese animation go hand in hand. The more anime you watch, the more sense video games make. Valis (which has four installments that I know of) was an early synthesis of the two; **you play a docile schoolgirl who gets mixed up in a battle between good and evil** and transforms into a Xena-like heroine by the power of a magical sword. The gameplay is a bit tame, but the cinematic story sequences are worth the price of admission.

Guardian Heroes (Sega Saturn, 1996)—Guardian Heroes plays like a medieval Final Fight or Double Dragon; plus role playing-style stats and a mage who has a pet rabbit. You can play the story mode, where you learn the secrets of a magical sword and an undead warrior yada yada yada. Or you

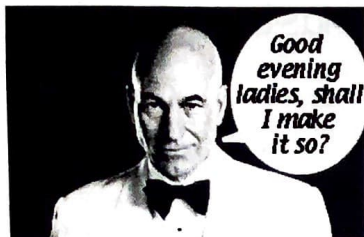
can play the versus mode, where up to six players beat each other up in a chaotic battle royale that makes Street Fighter II look like an episode of Sesame Street. All the enemies you face in story mode become selectable in versus mode, for a total of about 56 playable characters. Good times.

Burning Rangers (Sega Saturn, 1998)—Released just before the Saturn faded into total obscurity, this futuristic game (by the creator of Sonic the Hedgehog) has you fighting fires as the sexually ambiguous Shou or the squeaky-voiced Tillis. But those clunky fire hoses are a thing of the past; no, these heroes fight fire with weird-ass guns. The levels are different every time you play, and rescuing trapped civilians gives you that warm fuzzy feeling inside. ("Who are you?" "It's okay—I'm a Burning Ranger.")

Sonic R (Sega Saturn, 1997)—When cataloging the Saturn's flaws, many gamers are quick to mention the absence of the famed Hedgehog that made Sega a (annoying) household name in the early '90s. But Sonic did make it into a few Saturn titles, including this unique racing game. You may cry "Mario Kart Rip-off!", but Sonic R is a very different game. Most of the characters don't have vehicles (and why one of them does is beyond me), but more significantly, the levels are filled with hidden areas and multiple paths. Few racing games have tracks that are worth exploring, so I gotta give props to Sonic R, even if the inane music can get on one's nerves.

Panzer Dragoon Saga (Sega Saturn, 1998)—At this point you may ask why I have included so many Saturn games. A legitimate question. Mostly, I think it's a shame that the Saturn was such a commercial failure in the USA since it had so many quality games. The Panzer Dragoon series is a fine example. The first two games in the series were shooters where **you rode on a dragon and took out improbably large enemy armies with a blaster pistol** and the dragon's laser breath. (Follow me closely here.) In Panzer Dragoon Saga, the plot hinted at in the first two games explodes into an epic of Star Wars proportions, spanning four CD-ROMs. Although it's a short game (average time to finish is about 20 hours), it's an intense experience. Rather than spanning a huge world like Final Fantasy, Saga takes a more human-sized approach. There is only one town, but its inhabitants are better developed than your average role-playing game. Not to give the plot away, but when the Evil Empire vaporizes their village, any red-blooded human will shed a tear or two. Finding this game is tough, and it commands fierce prices on eBay, but it is well worth it.

In conclusion, there are a lot of great games out there that you may not have played. So the next time you're in Electronics Boutique, take a minute to think of all the lesser-known masterpieces that never gained commercial success. Then go ahead and buy your stinkin' copy of **Final Fantasy 8**.



Patrick Stewart is Damn Sexy

by Jennifer Gifford

Last week I caught the plague. Suddenly and inexplicably it came over me like that sudden dizzy feeling that lets you know that you are really drunk. For an entire day I lay, sick and helpless, dying, with nobody to care about my well being. Passers by, upon hearing of my fate, would only mutter "I'm sorry" and wander away, leaving me to wallow in my miserable sickness. And there, above me, like a saviour from a higher place, hung Patrick Stewart's head, thumb-tacked to my wall. His piercing gray-green eyes, his grim smile . . . I realized right then and there that Patrick must be the sexiest man on the planet.

Now ladies, I know that Patrick, alias Jean-Luc, is a little on the mature side. But hey, think of the benefits of it. He must know every trick in the book! He has the look of a man who has had enough sex in his lifetime to know how to make a woman feel good. Just imagine it:

Patrick invites you over for dinner at his place. Nothing too fancy, just a friendly get together with just the two of you. He does it with that smile that says "it's all right". You, of course, say yes. There is spaghetti, some champagne, some classical music. And he says that you can call him Jean-Luc if you want, cause let's face it, it's way more sexy than Patrick, and this is your fantasy, so you can call him whatever the hell you want. You and he begin to dance. He whis-

pers in your ear that you are ravishing, that he absolutely can't live without you. You then have sex. Wonderful, beautiful sex . . . and afterwards, he doesn't smoke a cigarette, or roll over and go to sleep. No, not Jean-Luc. He smiles that sexy smile at you and asks you if there is anything he can get you. He is, after all, wonderful.

There are other advantages to Patrick. His status as Captain Picard leaves room for a myriad of kinky jokes about warp drive, and phasers. Hee hee. And wouldn't it be fun to have sex on the set of the bridge of the Enterprise? Plus, he's got a hell of a body. The cos-



More Patrick for your veiwing pleasure, ladies!

tume designers of Star Trek have made much use of this, dressing him in skin tight clothing, and occasionally showing him without a shirt on . . . oh! The orgasmic pleasure is immeasurable.

Of course, Patrick does not have a heat-of-the-moment-do-me-on-the-kitchen-floor kind of attraction. No, no. His is more of a slowly-melting-into-a-puddle-of-goo-at-his-feet kind of thing. The kind that slowly drags you in, while you don't even really notice that he's

putting the moves on you. Not that you would care if you did notice . . . let us reiterate, Patrick is God, and by this point you want his body. It's like you're being sucked into a blackhole of unspeakable delight. You cannot stop it, nor do you really want to. **Perhaps if you can navigate it right, you'll have a maneuver named after you . . .** (that is probably a really obscure Star Trek joke that none of you, not even the Trekkies, will get).

Patrick goes down smooth, like a milkshake . . . no, more like something warm . . . like warm honey maybe? Patrick is refined, and fully in control of his body. Patrick, I am sure, could take you to the farthest corners of the galaxy, where no woman has ever gone before!

There are those of you, who, if you are still reading, have decided that I am one sick puppy. You find the idea of making love to Patrick Stewart repulsive, and think Star Trek is for dork people. Or you prefer William Shatner's Kirk to Patrick's Picard. To you, I would say, sucks to be you. You don't know what you're missing.

The moral of this story is that . . . hmmm . . . I guess it's that we all have dreams. Mine just happen to be about Patrick Stewart and sex. Preferably together. Mmmmm good.



Hit Me Baby, One More Time

by Jessica VanScoy

There is no pleasure in having nothing to do . . . the fun is having lots to do and not doing it . . .

-(Source unknown)

My dad sends me a lot of post cards with different quips of wisdom on them each week. They are just little things that he knows I enjoy getting. I thought this recent one fit perfectly with my October break special edition article. I, like the rest of you undoubtedly, have a shitload of reading to do, Div 1's to wrap up, papers to write, jobs to go to, and maybe a social life in between there somewhere. My friend Matt called me up, though, and offered me a ride back home for the weekend. I took the out and dropped everything to go. I wanted to get away, breathe a little, avoid anything that I was supposed to get done. I guess that's what I did.

First of all, can I just say that I loooove car trips? You drive by all these new people and try and pass as many as you can. You catch them doing the stupidest things . . . or even yourself doing things . . . all out of boredom and redundancy. Matt and I would flick thought he radio and leave it on the stupidest songs . . . and SING them. He would sing and I would do the back up. Example: Matt-Tell me whyyy! Jess-Ain't nothing but a heartache! Matt-Tell me why! Jess-Ain't nothing but a Miiistake. You get the idea. Pure fun.

I caught this guy picking his nose. He did the "Oh, I'm just casually itching my nose" glance at me. I love that. You people try and cover up everything HUMAN that you do. Seriously, folks, get real. I know what you're doing and I really don't give a shit. You aren't bothering me.

I didn't tell my family I was coming home; I told them I sent them

something in the mail and it should be there by Friday. So when I walked in around 1 in the morning late Friday, my dad just about pulled his gun out on me. I scared the shit out of them. My mom was still in half sleep and she got all excited. I hate that cheesy shit, but I knew that I would have to endure it for the weekend because her "little girl was home." (Oh, God, did I just say that outloud?)

First thing I did was ask my Mom whether or not I had any mail or bills. "Nope, nothing." Well, Mom, when I went thought the big stack of mail in your room, I found about three unpaid bills, some school stuff I needed, and approximately 34 pre-approved credit cards. (I can hardly pay off the one I have now, for Chrissakes!) Either way, 1) she didn't mail this shit to me like I begged her to and 2) she casually "forgot" to tell me about them. OK, does this shit happen to you guys? Now I know she can't do everything for me, but I wouldn't mind having a bank statement mailed to me so that I can know what's going on.

Somehow I got suckered into babysitting my little brother and his friend while my parents were at work. I left them alone a lot of the time, but they asked me to play cards with them, so I taught them how to play poker. His little friend got to calling the Aces, "Anuses," to which they laughed at nonstop. **I was like "Wow, these little boys know an awful lot," until I heard them saying that girls don't have**

anuses. "Do you know what anuses are, Keirman?" I asked. And he told me that anuses were your "wee-wee." Now, do I move on to

another subject or correct them? I unfortunately chose the latter and ended up listening to them make ass jokes all night. Oh, yeah, and this little kid says he wants to "do it with Brittany Spears." He mentioned that at least 20 times with sex noises after it (the moaning that they learned from TV.) I was too excited to get them into bed. They were soo excited because I let them stay up until 10:30. They didn't tell me that 9 was late for them until I put them to bed. I could have kicked myself.

Other than that, I went shopping and spent wayyy too much money, hugged my dogs, watched A&E and the movie "Go." (You should see this. Esp. by Wednesday seeing as Doug Liman is coming here. Yay!) And listened to my semi-new Blink 182 CD. Something bothers me about these two things, though. They make references to other movies/music and include it in theirs. "Go" made references to "The Breakfast Club" several times, and Blink 182 has a line that goes "I took my time/I hurried up/The choice was mine . . . I didn't think enough." (Which is obviously Nirvana, you boneheads) This kinda sorta bothers me. I can understand why they did it, but I still don't feel right about it. I mean I make references to things with my friends and maybe in these crappy little articles, but I'm not trying to sell anything or exploit someone else's art. Whatever, I just wanted to bring it up.

And so we drove home and looked at the goddamn fucking BEAUTIFUL leaves. And I read Bukowski and slept intermittently. And realized I left my shampoo and conditioner at home and got pissed. And then, well, then I went home and went to bed.



Gamera! Bite me!

by Evan A. Baker

This was a pretty good summer for movies. Sure, *Epiode 1* was a let down, but upon multiple viewings I developed a certain fondness for it, if only because Dath Maul's death is so far beyond cool. *Summer of Sam* was great, as was *The Blair Witch Project*. *South Park: Bigger, Longer, and Uncut* was so much more than I ever could have dreamed it would be. *The Sixth Sense* is one of the few movies ever to give me real trouble falling asleep. Even the low points of my summer viewing (*Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me* and *The Haunting*) were reasonably enjoyable.

Alas, my best movie going experience of the summer was one that I could not repeat, and that I don't think anybody else at Hampshire had, and that was viewing the first U.S. theatrical screening of what is easily one of the best films of the decade, *Gamera 3: Awakening of Irys*.

A little history of Gamera, so that you'll all know what I'm talking about. Gamera is a giant, fire breathing turtle created by the Japanese studio Daiei in the mid-'60s as competition for Toho studio's popular Godzilla series. The classic Gamera movies from the late '60s and early '70s are, frankly, pretty bad kiddie flicks. They have received their greatest notice in the U.S. as fodder for some early *Mystery Science Theater 3000* episodes. Although the movies were popular enough in Japan that Toho had to compete by targeting their '70s Godzilla movies at a kiddie audience, they weren't popular enough to save Daiei from bankruptcy.

In the early 80s, the reformed Daiei tried to bring their super-turtle back, but *Gamera: Super Monster* was a new low in the series, and when Godzilla returned to his old bad self in the '80s and '90s Godzilla films, it looked like there was no room for a silly turtle monster.

Enter Shusuke Kaneko, a popular horror/fantasy director. Kaneko wanted very much to direct a Godzilla movie, but apparently his directional style didn't match with what Toho had in mind for the big guy (and a Kaneko-directed Godzilla movie might be kind of weird). So, when Daiei decided it was time to bring back Gamera for the '90s, Kaneko leapt at the opportunity.

In 1995, Daiei gave us *Gamera: Guardian of the Universe*. Director Kaneko, screenwriter Kazunori Ito, and special effect director Shinji Higuchi worked together in a way that hasn't been seen since the team that made the original *Godzilla* in 1954. **Indeed, Gamera: Guardian of the Universe was the best giant monster movie in 41 years, and put the '90s Godzilla movies to shame.** It was even a hit with American critics, and when it was released on U.S. video, it was the first Japanese giant monster film ever to make it into the weekly top 10 video sales.

The team followed it up in 1996 with *Gamera 2: Advent of Legion* (a.k.a. *Gamera 2: The Real Guardian of the Universe*). Most fans consider this movie better

than the first, although personally I prefer its predecessor. Anyway, it's a great movie. The highlight is probably the absolute decimation of the city of Sendai in one of the coolest explosions in film history. Alas, no U.S. release yet. . .

There are a number of elements that combine to make these movies so genuinely remarkable. First of all, Ito and Kaneko (who reportedly work together pretty closely) do their best to show how the country as a whole and its individual citizens would be affected by a disastrous event like an attack by a giant monster. Second, Kaneko and Higuchi work together very well to make sure the live-action and special-effect footage cut together effectively and convincingly (to avoid the feeling prevalent in some *Godzilla* movies that you are really watching two movies at once). Third, the realistic appraisals of the situations are balanced out by a healthy dose of fantasy (Ayako Fujitani, Steven Segal's daughter, plays a recurring character with a spiritual link to Gamera). Fourth, Kaneko is not afraid to make his movies genuinely scary in places, and often times even apocalyptic. As the story unfolds, the audience is presented with a very unique end-of-mankind scenario.

All of these qualities apply to *Gamera 3: Awakening of Irys* (a.k.a. *Gamera 3: Incomplete Struggle*) even more than to the two prior films. *Gamera 3* is a dark, frightening film with exciting giant rubber monster battles and engaging human drama. It is also aided by Higuchi's ability to combine traditional "suitmation"

techniques (the most effective way to bring out the character in a giant monster) with CGI (a nice supplemental process that American effects movies waste by relying on it too heavily).

I am not exaggerating when I say that *Gamera 3* has raised the bar for special effects films the world over. There is not a single bad effect in the movie, and Kaneko and Higuchi took real risks with some of the innovative shots. Even *Jurassic Park* had a few telling effects shots, and *The Phantom Menace* had the advantage of being couched in a world of pure fantasy. *Gamera 3* brings bold images into the real world as no other movie has.

As much as I loved seeing the movie (in subtitled format, natch) at Mann's Egyptian Theater in Hollywood, what took it up a level to greatest movie going experience ever was the presence of director Kaneko. After the film, he made some fascinating comments and answered audience questions. (Q: Why do your films contain so many female characters? A[broken English]: Gamera is a man. Q: What can Japanese do to raise their life force? A[in Japanese]: Stop making money.)

Kaneko is a warm, likable presence. He's exactly what you'd like to think a sci-fi director is like, serious and dedicated to his work, but also a nice guy who has a lot of fun with his movies.

Gamera! Bite me! Again!

Also present, in the audience, was classic Gamera series director Noriaki Yuasa. Although, reportedly, Yuasa doesn't think much of the newer Gamera films (he's quoted as swaying *Gamera: GOTU* was "made by otaku [fanboys] for otaku") . . . he certainly seemed to be having a good time, and there was obviously no tension between Yuasa and Kaneko.

killed by Gamera in 1995, and who has been caring for Irys. Ayana is certainly the central character in this movie (although star billing goes to Shinobu Nakayama returning from the first film as ornithologist Mayumi Nagamine), and she is absolutely intriguing.

Any scene featuring Shinya Kurata (Toru Tezuka), a brilliant video game programmer who was the first to figure out that, with the planet's life-force at an all time low, mankind is almost certainly doomed. This information doesn't particularly bother him, it simply builds his ego to know that he was the only one to figure it out.

The ending, with a tremendous horde of Gyaos about to descend on Japan, and the end of mankind a distinct possibility (and the film-makers even had the guts not to tell us how the fight turns out, hence the title "In-



Gamera - I choose you!

High points of the movie include:

Gamera's first battle with the giant Gyaos bird monsters (returning from *Gamera: GOTU*), in which the formerly heroic Gamera smashes and burns up large portions of the city in order to take out two of the man-eating birds (one of which is seen screeching in agony with an eyeball hanging out of its socket right before Gamera thoroughly toasts it).

The oddly sensual scene in which the young Irys monster draws the life-force of Ayana Hirasaka (Ai Maeda), a girl whose parents were

complete Struggle").

If *Gamera 3* ever gets a U.S. theatrical run, you will be doing yourself a great disservice if you don't see it. The talents of every member of the cast and crew are immediately evident, and the movie doesn't have a single weak moment. Meanwhile, go out and rent *Gamera: GOTU* (or talk to me about seeing a subtitled copy of it, as well as *Gamera 2*, and an unsubtitled copy of *G3*). Don't let ignorant biases against Japanese giant monster movies keep you away from some of the best sci-fi/fantasy ever made.



10 Signs That you Might, Just Possibly, Be Enrolled at Hampshire

by Karim Khan

1. Posters fro a "Free Tibet" easily outnumber posted offers of "Free Pizza."
2. Your olfactorally challenging, dreadlocked neighbor arrived on campus in a BMW.
3. You are reading this list as a break from filling out a transfer application.
4. Your hall or mod spends Friday night dyeing hair.
5. Your sleep is restless, filled with sounds of off-tempo drumming.
- 6. Nobody laughs at your fag jokes.**
7. You are embarrassed to bring your own parents into the campus bookstore.
8. Your suspicion that you understand The System better than your advisor only continues to grow.
9. You were a weird kid in high school. You were sold on the idea of an alternative higher education. You're still wierd, school still sucks, and you're thirty thousand bucks lighter.
10. Your grandparents still think you go to school somewhere in New Hampshire.

'In the Joint' with Chuck is Naked

By Caleb Chabot



'In the Joint' with Chuck is Naked

By Caleb Chabot

